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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

On the Firing Line

BY

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

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Two Neighbors
The Flanking Columns in the War for Sobriety
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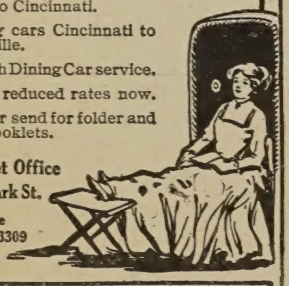

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1911. NUMBER 19.

I believe that the reason of life is for each of us simply to grow in love. I believe that this development of our power of loving brings us in this life a happiness which will increase every day, and in the other world a happiness as much more perfect as we shall have learned to love more.

I believe above all that this growth in love will contribute more than any other force to establish the kingdom of God in the earth; that is to say, in replacing a social life in which division, falsehood and violence are all powerful by a new order in which humanity, truth and brotherhood will reign.

—*Tolstoy.*

St. Paul's Universalist Church of this city is open for congratulations. The first of the year they opened their new boys' building with its up-to-date equipment, for which the Rev. Walter H. McPherson has a juvenile constituency well in hand ready to utilize the same. Mr. McPherson has been working at his job long enough and has been backed with sufficient generosity and freedom by St. Paul's Church so that he begins to show results. He is one of the men to be mentioned in the very limited class who have proved themselves equal to the city boy problem. The literature on this subject is ample. Theories are numerous, but those who can face the problem at short range and deal with the idle, half-criminal, always flippant, persistent and mischievous, if nothing worse, lad, of the average city home with defective parents,—parents who have good incomes and probably college diplomas, are very few. What Mr. McPherson has achieved and will now be still more conspicuously demonstrated is an object lesson much needed and one that will stimulate others to go and do likewise. Certain things are well established in this boy problem on the practical side. It is not a task for amateurs, and not much can be accomplished by volunteer helpers unless there is a wise, persistent and uniform directing force. To tame, direct and develop any number of these boys requires an expenditure of money as well as of brains. There must be patience as well as inspiration. Perhaps the last lesson to learn is that it is worth the investment, and if the necessary ability cannot be procured in the labor market, it can be developed by an adequate investment of money on the part of those who have the money to give, but who have neither the skill, the time, nor the temper to apply themselves to the task. Perhaps in the modern division of labor, it cannot be expected that the money maker or his wife will have the talent to raise even their own boys rightly, but they cannot on that account shirk the responsibilities. The problem of handling youth is so far developed in our large cities and in connection with most of our progressive churches, and there is enough wisdom and concentration available in many centers that the representatives thereof can say to purse holders, "Give us the necessary money and we will show you what can be done."

Chicago is not easily surprised by the generosity of Julius Rosenwald, for it has become a custom to hear of his benefactions, but Chicago was delighted on New Year's morning to be told that Mr. Rosenwald had headed a subscription for a colored men's Y. M. C. A. building with $25,000, A. W. Harris, the Chicago banker, duplicating the same. Mr. Rosenwald's offer assumes a national character because he makes the same proposition to any city in the United States. It is something more than generosity. It is magnanimity in this Jew to give money to the establishment of an institution from the councils of which he is by birth and conviction forever excluded. When, a few weeks ago, the white men's Y. M. C. A. of Chicago strengthened itself by the raising of a large amount of money, the name of Julius Rosenwald was found high up the list. But while we commend the generosity of the Jew, is there not something small and lamentable in an organization that continues to accept benefactions from sources that it persistently excludes from its councils? The Y. M. C. A.'s of America are not content with the excluding of the Jew, but the Unitarian and the Universalist and all non-evangelical contributors are welcome to the outer vestibule of the organization only. They like the money; they will offer the privileges of their institution to these non-orthodox, but only representatives of "evangelical churches" are allowed into the official organization. This has long been the scandal and the reproach to an institution that professes to be progressive and which in practical ways so belies its creedal limitations. It is debilitating to the institution and is not complimentary to the contributors to allow this ancient limitation to stultify its pretenses and humiliate many of its best friends. It is to be regretted that an institution endowed with so much beneficence

as the Y. M. C. A. should on its intellectual side border so on the line of insincerity and encourage a theological smugness that is disheartening to the best friends on the inside of the movement as well as distressing to the good friends on the outside. The cry "practical Christianity" is a good one, but practical Christianity loses its practicality when it becomes sentimental Christianity, and it loses its Christianity when, in its interests and practicalities, it loses its intellectual integrity, smothers the inquiring spirit and rejects the *growing* thought of the purest lives of humanity.

The Christmas and New Year excitements are gone. The holiday season with all its bright allurements, fascinating excitements and exhausting enjoyments is past, and 1911 takes its place at the head of the page without jolt or jar. The old world has kept its steady pace. The calendar of the skies has experienced no interruptions, and even the poor human devotees who draw their strength from the warmth of suns and are guided by the lights of stars, realize that the even routine is more blessed than the spasmodic escapes.

UNITY sits down to its old tasks with no new program, no fresh directions, but with none of the old ones abated, no purpose weakening. We have sought no change because the old tasks are so new, the old problems so inspiring and the old contentions still so far from realization. We ask what perhaps would come quite as willingly if unasked, a little more conscious effort on the part of our readers, a little steadier backing on the part of our friends, a little more self-denial on the part of those who believe with us. There is a cause for which UNITY stands that is worthy of sacrifice. There is a truth in the high fatalism that man is immortal as long as his work is unfinished. Perhaps this epigram is more easily verified in the life of a journal than in the life of a man. At least the faith that UNITY has a work to do has kept it alive for thirty-two years, and we have proceeded on the margin of immortality that is left us under this dictum. With the beginning of the year the name of Miss M. E. Hawley, who for so many years has kept our readers informed of events and persons from over the seas, is withdrawn from her department. The development of other interests and the continuous pressure of other work, for Miss Hawley is a busy and necessary functionary in the John Crerar Library force, seem to her to make her retirement necessary and, of course, her wish is law in this matter. But we cannot take even this partial leave of our long-time colaborer without expressing for our readers, as well as for ourselves, a sense of gratitude for the faithful and skilful work rendered, all the more beautiful because from first to last it has been a labor of love. As in the case of all UNITY workers, the work has been its own reward. Perhaps this word of appreciation is more formal than necessary, for, although at her own request her name is removed from our editorial list so that she may be relieved from a sense of responsibility for the department, she is assured that UNITY will ever be glad to welcome any communication that her busy hand may find time to send. While missing the name of Miss Hawley from our foreign department, we are glad to add the name of our old-time comrade and schoolmate, Charles W. Wendte, to our editorial list. Mr. Wendte, as foreign secretary of the American Unitarian Association and very active organizer of national and international congresses, will be enabled to send us from time to time such information of things doing and to be done in the interests of the wider fellowship and growing unity as will interest our readers and round out the circles of UNITY's field.

The Rural Problem

Social problems have peculiar and unexpected ways of working themselves out; or would it not be nearer the literal truth to say "God works in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform?" The rural churches went out a good while ago,—we have seen little of them for the last fifty years. They started with the Puritans from Plymouth, and on the westward march of the pioneers they were planted on the hillsides and in the villages alike; but they vanished, as the district schools vanished. They cannot be restored in their old form, perhaps it is not to be regretted.

Lamenting the passage of the country church, and with it organic moral effort, Governor Rollins of New Hampshire proposed "Old Home Week" as a sort of consulting day, hoping that the people might come back to their origins in more ways than one. We doubt if this movement has re-established a single church or rebuilt a single country school; it may have endowed a few, and it may have quickened the life of a few that were dying out. The real work of "Old Home Week" has been to make more keen the thought that this world is our home, and a beautiful world at that. It has glorified the New England hillsides as nesting places, but has done little to exalt the idea of a future home hereafter.

Mr. Roosevelt's Rural Commission was appointed to look into the conditions of country life, morally and religiously, as well as economically. When Professor Bailey, the chairman, reported, he laid great stress on the religious element. He considered it vital that the church should take a new lease of life by adjusting itself to modern ideas and methods. The commission suggested that the church of the Twentieth Century must take hold of living topics, and must care for the social condition of the people here and now. Following this idea, when President Butterfield, of the Agricultural College at Amherst, announced an anni-

versary of the college, he called together the Connecticut Valley Association of Ministers and other associations that have in view moral and religious effort. The convention was unique in this, that it did not separate good praying and good preaching from good hoeing and good building and good plowing.

Later still we were invited to consider an "Interdenominational Commission for Social Betterment." The conference which met at Waterville, Me., represented seven religious denominations, four colleges, one theological seminary, four granges and the State Grange, the Young Men's Christian Association of Maine, and the State Bible Society. It agreed that the term rural as applied to social problems should cover the whole state, the cities as well as the country; and that by social betterment no such thing as degradation or degenerency was implied, but a condition of possible and probable growth. The three agencies recognized for social betterment were "the school, the grange and the church," all three as co-operative moral factors. These agencies are often working apart and sometimes in competition, but they should recognize a community of interests. Sometimes the school is of an inferior grade, in which case the grange and the church should combine to improve the school. The church and the school should be allies to establish a grange where there is none, and sustain it. The school and the grange in turn should sustain the spirit of devotion, and aid the church to exercise its ethical and religious ministration.

The plan finally agreed upon by the conference was to establish a system of lectures by members of the college faculties of the state; to undertake to create federated action among the rural churches, instead of antagonistic or rival action; to send out field missionaries who should have a sort of pastoral oversight of groups of towns, as to educational and agricultural as well as religious work. Clearly this is a new sort of missionary effort, and a new way of looking at religious duties. It undertakes to organize the whole community for ethical purposes instead of rallying church members alone, and it specifically declines to recognize the right of a single sect to work alone instead of co-operatively.

A circular letter was sent out throughout the whole state to promote a discussion of "public utilities," such as fire protection, good roads, hygiene and sanitation, the furnishing of pure water, and the consolidation of schools. This circular letter places emphasis on playgrounds, reading-rooms, and the furnishing of good music for the people; it urges economic prosperity by co-operative purchasing of supplies, and scientific cultivation of the land. It desires to promote good government, law enforcement and education in virtue, as well as the support of Christian worship and the strengthening of Christian influence. We are inclined to think that this broad view of Christian duty will be accepted by the people as correct, and that there will be a growing tendency to bring into unified co-operation all the stimulating and uplifting forces of every community.

E. P. P.

Is the Influence of John Ruskin on the Wane? A Continuation

We are still talking of books, for in this reading and printing age, we believe no higher service can be rendered than that which helps guide the unitiated or the hurried toward the best reading. The following answers to our question sent out some time ago are pertinent:

From Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Church of the Messiah, New York.

In answer to your letter of October 14th, I venture to name a few of the books published in 1910 which have had significance for me. These are a few of the more important:

"Letters of John Stewart Mill;" "Life of John Brown," by Oswald Garrison Villard; "The Promise of American Life," by Herbert Croly; "The Beast," by Ben Lindsey; "The Spiritual Unrest," by Ray Stannard Baker; "Privilege and Democracy," by Frederic C. Howe; "Hygiene and Morality," by Lavinia Dock; "The Works of Theodore Parker" (Centenary Edition); "The Life of Karl Marx," by John Spargo; "The Influence of Wealth in Imperial Rome," by William Stearns Davis; "Latter Day Sinners and Saints," by Edward A. Ross; "The Spirit of Youth," by Jane Addams; "Twentieth Century Socialism," by Edmond Kelly; "The New Socialism." by Jane T. Stoddart; "From the Bottom Up," by Alexander Irvine; "Chantecler," by Edmond Rostand; "Mary Magdalen," by Maeterlinck; "New Volumes of Poetry," by William Watson and Alfred Noyes; "The Resources of the United States," by Van Hise.

I have made no attempt to classify these books. It seems to me that in any review of the publications of the year especial emphasis should be laid upon Spargo's "Karl Marx," as covering wholly new ground, at least in English; on Lindsey's "The Beast," as a book epoch-making in the same sense as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Wealth Against Commonwealth" were epoch-making; on "Croly's "Promise of American Life," as the most stimulating study of American political conditions that has appeared since Bryce's "American Commonwealth;" and on Villard's "John Brown," as a definite biography of the great martyr of the anti-slavery days. I believe that it should be pointed out that in Rostand's "Chantecler" we have been privileged to witness the publication of one of the great epoch-making masterpieces of all time. I believe that nothing like it has been seen since the days of Shakespeare.

From Professor Charles Zueblin, Boston.

Replying to your inquiry about books of the year, I wonder if you have reviewed either of Dr. Coit's books? His "National Idealism and a State Church" appeared earlier than this period, but it was followed by "National Idealism and the Book of Common Prayer." The two make, in my opinion, the most important contributions to religion in our time, and it would be worth stretching a point to include them on the ground that the second, as a sequel of the first, comes within your range.

We append the following extract of a notice prepared by Leonard D. Abbott in *Current Literature* of the books of Doctor Coit, to which Mr. Zueblin gives such unqualified and apparently extravagant praise:

An Ethical Leader's Plans For Making Over the Church.

Dr. Stanton Coit, an American by birth who for twenty

years has been a leader of the ethical culture movement in England, has become the champion of an idea that is likely to penetrate far. He feels that the time has come when the theory of democracy, in its fullest implications, must be carried into the sphere of religion. He preaches "a church of the whole people, by the whole people, for the whole people," and looks to the state for the realization of this ideal. To the development and expansion of his theme he devotes two volumes remarkable for their lucid style, high poetic feeling and cogent reasoning. As is natural, he writes with an eye primarily on England and its Church Establishment; but the democratic State church of his imagination is something entirely different from the present Anglican Church. His arguments transcend national boundaries, and apply with equal force to any other country. * * *

The idea propounded by Doctor Coit is a logical outgrowth of much of the democratic thinking of our day, but few have had consistency enough to embrace it. Even the social democrat halted somehow this side of state religion. Doctor Coit explains the inconsistency by saying that social democracy is still so permeated with its very opposite—philosophic anarchy—that it is not yet half itself. When the thinking of social Democrats and of other Democrats is straightened out, Doctor Coit assures us, we shall come to see how unreasonable it is to believe in state control of industry, hygiene, education and a hundred other activities, and to balk at state organization of the most important thing of all—religious and ethical forces.

In the presentation of his thesis, Doctor Coit starts with the fundamental question: What is the unit of religious life? Some would say the individual. But Doctor Coit, as a social thinker, with infinite faith in the collective human consciousness, will not admit that an individuality can detach itself from the larger currents. The very rebel, he maintains, can only be understood in his relation to the organization from which he rebels. Some would answer, the denomination or the church. But again Doctor Coit finds the classification too narrow. The sect is a segment, and excludes too many. "The real organic unit of religious life, of which any man is a member," Doctor Coit argues, "is always the nation to which he belongs. This view makes the church the unit of religious life; but it identifies the church with each nation as a society believing in and applying certain standards of civilization and culture, of duty and responsibility, of right and liberty."

The germ of this idea may be found in some of the greatest minds of the past century. A hundred years ago, Samuel Taylor Coleridge defended the doctrine that every nation—including all persons who have caught a vision of the ideal—is a church. Sir John Seeley, in his monumental work on "Natural Religion," identified churches with nations quite irrespective of the special doctrines current throughout a nation. Matthew Arnold defined the Church of England as "a national society for the promotion of goodness," and Dr. James Martineau wrote of the idealism in a nation as constituting the essential church. Even John Stuart Mill took much the same view.

But the idea of a "national church," in the sense conceived by these thinkers and more fully developed by Stanton Coit, should not be confused with that of existing state churches. Quite conceivably a national church could exist where there is no state church. There might be but one religious organization throughout a nation, and that a purely voluntary one. On the other hand, there may be a state church, highly organized, centralized and powerful, and yet it may not be a national church. The state church may even be one of the chief causes preventing the growth of a truly national church. Such, indeed, Doctor Coit contends, is the present situation in England. "The State Church," he declares, "is not national. There is a national church (because there is a nation), but it is wholly rudimentary. The reason why the national church is in such a backward stage of development is chiefly because at present the state church retards the process of unification of religious life throughout the nation." This condition of affairs, he thinks, can be denied by no one. Those who believe in the existing establishment deplore that it has not been able to unify the nation, offending one-third and never touching another third.

The theory that a nation, in so far as it reverences ideals, is a church, does not in the least overlook the fact that there may be violent party strife between various religious groups. Nor does it even involve a disparagement or condemnation of such strife. "A nation," according to Doctor Coit's idea, "does not lose its unity in religion because of theological controversies, any more than it ceases to be a unit in civil life because of the antagonism of various political parties." On the contrary, "the true idea of a nation as a church, instead of favoring the suppression of religious differences and their discussion and of the organizing of new groups to advance new ideas, recognizes that ultimate harmony and real uniformity of belief and deep inward identity of insight and aspiration can never arise throughout any nation except as the result of the freest, boldest, and most organized expression and progaganda of every fresh sentiment."

Our minds have been so befogged by incessant talk of the conflict between church and state that it is at first difficult even to grasp Doctor Coit's conception. The national church that he advocates is simply the expression of the will of the people, inspired by the moral impulse of collective effort in the state. It would represent, so to speak, the common denominator of religious and ethical feeling—that faith which *all* hold, irrespective of personal creeds and affiliations. The democratic principle would be its test and touch-stone. There would be no tyranny or monopoly. Each would be free to think or to worship as he or she might choose. But the only church supported by *all* would be the state church, and the tendency would be toward a greater and greater unity.

When once the idea of the nation as the organic unit of religious life became prevalent, sectarian aloofness would disappear. Sects would cease to be sects. Each one of them would be a recognized group among the many within the national church. They would meet as Liberals, Conservatives, Socialists and Irish Home-Rulers meet in the British Parliament; or as Republicans and Democrats meet on the floor of Congress.

Not merely the administrative but the doctrinal, side of the national church would be subject to the popular will. "I anticipate," says Dr. Coit, "an epoch generations long in which religious controversy will dominate. Now will begin an era when the leaders of the historic organizations will themselves invite the fullest and freest expression of the most original opinions. Doubt will become an instrument of faith. Authority will be dethroned, and in its place the private judgment sit. For it will be seen that the private judgment must in the end become one with universal reason." It is in this sense that the idea of a state church comes into harmony with the social-democratic principle.

A humanitarian glow and passion in Dr. Coit's pages will appeal to many who do not accept all his views. He names as the pillars of his church the seers and the singers, the poets and the artists, of all ages. David and Isaiah. Dante and Shakespeare, Goethe and Milton, each has his place. Blake will be needed for a certain spiritual intuition; Walter Pater will contribute his enthusiasm for pure beauty; Nietzsche will teach us the will to power; Felix Adler will carry on the heritage of the Hebrew prophets whose desire for righteousness was as a consuming fire.. The Bible is to be read side by side with the *Dhammapada*. The liturgies of the future will proudly include Shelley's "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," Browning's "Paracelsus," Swinburne's "Songs before Sunrise." The congregations will chant anthems from the modern democratic scriptures—"Leaves of Grass" and "Toward Democracy." To America Dr. Coit turns for much of his inspiration. Emerson and Walt Whitman he cites not once but many times, and Markham's "Man With the Hoe" he wants to incorporate in the Book of Common Prayer.

All this betokens a freshness of vision rare indeed in religious writing. The "national church" of Stanton Coit's imagination may never be realized, but he has made the world his debtor by submitting his ground-plans.

—The Outlook.

From Prof. J. E. Carter Troop, University of Chicago.

I have read with great interest the editorial on John Ruskin taken from the columns of UNITY, which you were kind enough to enclose in your note of the 17th. On account of lecturing in Kentucky during this month I did not receive the note until a few days ago. Hence the delay in answering your inquiry.

I agree with the second professor quoted in the first paragraph. Ruskin's influence in the realm of sociology is, I am sure, as potent as ever, and rightly so. Many of his leading ideas have become accepted truisms. They have passed into and become part of the thought of today in the same way that Emerson's ideas color much of the thinking of our age. Though political economists are apt to scoff at Ruskin's teachings in political economy they have been obliged to accept some of his ideas. At least his influence has modified certain doctrines of the communists.

But I am only a professor of English literature and have no right to say anything about Ruskin's influence save in my own small department. I frequently lecture on Ruskin in university extension work, and I find that the interest taken in the man and his ideas is great and is widespread. As literature his works are masterpieces and will live. I think him greatest as an interpreter of nature. Here he has never had an equal. But he has also said many incomparably wise things on the social well being of society.

From Prof. Nathaniel Butler, University of Chicago.

In response to your letter of December 17, I am writing to say that I should not agree with the judgment that "Ruskin is a waning influence in the life of today." I have no doubt that fewer people are reading his books than was the case formerly, and perhaps he is a "waning influence" so far as his general literary vogue is concerned, but, unless I am in error, the rapidly developing social sciences are receiving from him today, no less than at any other time and perhaps more, much guidance and inspiration.

From Prof. Herbert C. Willett, University of Chicago.

I have read your editorial on John Ruskin and I presume that both of the professors you mention are right, paradoxical as it may seem. I doubt very much if John Ruskin is read or quoted very much on the subjects connected with social reform. He is more likely to be quoted in art circles. On the other hand, I think the principles for which he stood have penetrated so deeply into modern sociological teachings and activities that he is really performing the service he hoped to be able to render society, and yet few think of it as John Ruskin's actual contribution to the new social order. Of course, this is partly due to the fact that his writings were so voluminous and so miscellaneous that the present generation finds it difficult to make them its own. I have often thought that if the social teachings of John Ruskin could be organized into brief and usable form, the beauty of his diction and the note of sincerity in all his work would make more than a convincing statement of the highest type of social theory.

From Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.

You quote two estimates of Ruskin. One professor says: "Ruskin is unquestionably a waning influence in the life of today," the other declares that Ruskin "is today the most potent force in the realm of sociology." May it not be possible that these two statements are not so contradictory as they seem? Ruskin, Carlyle and Tolstoy were preeminently "awakeners." They felt intensely certain tragic aspects of life, and proclaimed ideals that appealed powerfully to the youth of their own generation.

But the very intensity and power with which a personal message is delivered makes it penetrate the common mind and become a part of the ordinary way of thinking. The young man of today is not thrilled by the moral originality of Carlyle's Hero Worship or of Sartor Resartus. Nor does he read Ruskin with the stimulation of surprise as his father did forty years ago. In this sense both writers are a waning influence.

When John Ruskin applied ideal ethics to social and economic questions he seemed a voice crying in the wilderness. Today there are thousands of social workers who are doing the things he said ought to be done. Here is a most potent social force. I can imagine the troubled soul of John Ruskin looking upon the social worker of the new order and saying: "He must increase, but I must decrease." But such a waning influence is no sorrow to the John the Baptist of any movement, for he can say, "this my joy, therefore, is fulfilled."

From Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, D. D., Boston, Mass.

In my own experience with young and old for the past dozen years, I do not find that Ruskin is read by many persons. More is the pity, but that is my observation. Even the many whom I have heard discuss social problems in clubs and schools, from pulpit and platform, and in private conversation, seldom refer to his teachings. Possibly my situation has been peculiar and exceptional. I simply report what I have heard, or rather what I have failed to hear. The same is true of my reading: I have found him seldom quoted. I wish it were otherwise. Ruskin has a message worth heeding: a word of power for these times. But how few, even of our serious minded people, are reading serious books? How few ever look into Carlyle? How few could even name the great books of John Morley? Are there any who read a greater than these? As for Emerson, it is my impression that far fewer people from 20 to 30 years of age are studying him than a generation ago. Alas for our intellectual frivolity!

From William Salter, Cambridge.

So far as he represents a social and ethical tendency such as you speak of, he certainly has not as yet come to his own, has not even yet been properly appreciated. I should say it was doubtful if he ever would be save by the finer spirits; so that the question of his future influence is more or less whether fine moral and aesthetic perception can get power in the world and help in its organization.

From Rev. John Haynes Holmes, Church of the Messiah, New York City.

"I am a great lover of Ruskin myself, and believe emphatically that his influence abides, but I have no means of knowing to just what extent this is really true. One thing I am confident of, however, and that is that if Ruskin's influence is waning, then we may well ask whither is society moving."

From Charles R. Van Hise, President of University of Wisconsin.

I am very much interested in this phase of John Ruskin's work, since my reading of Ruskin has been almost exclusively on the artistic side. It would be quite impossible for me to express an opinion as to how much the new movement in reference to the points developed is due to the influence of Ruskin. Doubtless it would be larger than we could trace; but, of course, since Ruskin wrote there has appeared in this country a new situation, the limitation of the natural resources, which has powerfully influenced the development of the sentiment of the nation.

"We feel that we ought to be happy, yet find happiness unattainable. This is because our aim is not a single one. We seek an animal good, but what we really long for, if we but know it, is spiritual good.

"We are members one of another. The life of self-sacrifice is the only reasonable life, and love dwells in every heart, leading us towards such a life. To make this our object solves life's apparent contradictions.

"True happiness begins only with the birth which enables us to see that the thing to aim at is not our own personal welfare; and enables us honestly to say: 'I want nothing for myself.' "

"For a true Christian the term government cannot have any significance and reality. Government is, for a Christian, only regulated violence; Governments, States, nations, property, churches, all these for a true Christian are only words without meaning; he can understand the meaning other people attach to these words, but for him they have none."—*Tolstoy.*

THE PULPIT

Nineteen Hundred and Ten, the Annual Review

DELIVERED BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, JANUARY 1, 1911.

(*Stenographically reported by Miss Agnes Brown*)

When it gets to be the fortieth "Annual Review," one begins to realize that reviews are monotonous. If anybody ever had courage enough to look over the forty years' estimate that I have inflicted upon some of you, it might be a small cross section of our civilization that would be interesting. Anyhow, I yield to the old habit, whether it be wise or otherwise, and try to bring to you some gleanings and some reflections upon the year gone.

Once more, as is my habit, I come to you with some gleanings and reflections upon another year gone. Let no man presume to make a "balance sheet" of a year, certainly not on the first day of the next year. The student who can set 1910 in the perspective of a decade, and better yet, in the perspective of a century, alone can discriminate between things transient and things permanent.

At this short distance we are most conscious of our losses. The United States mourns the death of her most gifted man of letters, Mark Twain, whose career as a humorist has proved him to be something vastly more,—an interpreter of life, a philosopher, an artist. Norway has lost her greatest poet and novelist, Björnson Björnstjerne, who served his country as a patriot, as well as a poet. England has lost her king, Edward VII, whose going hence was more a social than a political event, a man who developed some admirable qualities in his later life, which were obscured by the frills and foolishness of royalty. Goldwin Smith, Canada's Grand Old Man, one of the earliest professors and benfactors of Cornell University, laid down his tasks at the ripened age of 86. Chief Justice Fuller laid aside his robe at 77. W. J. Rolfe in America, and Frederick Furnivall in England, the two most eminent interpreters of Shakespeare and Browning for the common people, passed on this year, one in the ripeness of 83 and the other of 85. Sir William Huggins, the famous English astronomer, Professor Koch, the great bacteriologist, and Professor Schiaparelli, the discoverer of the markings on Mars, have left vacancies in the ranks of the scientists. Robert Treat Paine, the great friend of animals, president of the American Humane Society, died this year, and the dray horses of Boston wore mourning for the loss of their good friend. Florence Nightingale, the almost forgotten Angel of the Crimea, and Julia Ward Howe, representing England's and America's "Grand Old Women," went hence, one at 90 and the other at 91. Wherever flutter the white apron strings of a trained nurse, there are seen the white decorations of Florence Nightingale. The Battle Hymn of the Republic has given Julia Ward Howe, this American woman, this best of mothers, a place at the head of the line of patriots and statesmen. Woman though she was, she was entitled by her ability, her courage and her power to lead, to wear the Senatorial toga. If she had been allowed to stand on the floors of the United States Senate, some of the selfish pigmies, manipulators of "graft" and "privilege," and "patronage" might have shrunk from her presence and sought to hide their diminished heads in obscurity. In the death of William Vaughan Moody at the early age of 41, we lost the poet from whom large things were expected. His star faded while it was still in the ascendant. Lastly, among the most conspicuous of the year's dead are Lyof Tolstoy, the great Russian renunciant, and Mary Baker Eddy, the great American mystery, of whom I may speak later.

If the year has put forth a great novel which will take its place among the permanent pieces of fiction I have not read it, unless it be "A Certain Rich Man." If it has produced a great poem I do not know it—unless Rostand's "Chantecler" is such a one.

But in default of a great work there is a hopeful brood of first ventures; the lesser poets whose names are familiar in the poet's corner of the newspapers and the magazines have been modestly creeping into covers. John Kendrick Bangs' "Songs of Cheer", Gazelle Stevens Sharp's "A Little Patch of Blue," Alonzo L. Rice's "Sunways of Song," Myrtle Reed's "Sonnets to a Lover" are cases in point. The minor poets have a function to fulfil, and these humble singers testify that the human heart is still musical.

Marion Harland's new series of "Where Ghosts Walk," Francis Thompson's "The Renegade Poet," and Samuel M. Crothers' last and one more delicious volume of essays, entitled "Among Friends," though written in prose, may well be given a place on the poetry shelves.

The Socialists have had a busy year of it. They have elected a mayor of a great city and have a representative in Congress. Clearly, the live sections of our universities are still those that are concerned with civic welfare and are studying the corporate life of man. Perhaps the most notable in the year in this class is Professor Van Hise's "Conservation of the Natural Resources of the United States." Like the splendid scientist he is, he has gathered within the compass of one portable volume the latest wisdom concerning the river, forest, water and land resources of the nation. Professor Wilcox, of the New York Bureau of Franchises, in his "Great Cities of America," puts Washington, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Boston under the magnifying lens which reveals their strengths and their weaknesses. David Starr Jordan has added during the year at least two to his series of small books put forth by the American Unitarian Association, of which there are now eleven, all of them sermons from the laboratory. They represent the scientist in his preaching robes. "The Call of the Nation" and "Ulrich Von Hutten" are the two latest. Professor Ross' "Latter-Day Sinners and Saints" and Zueblin's "Democracy and the Over-Man" are further illustrations of how persistent the professors are in carrying their message to the people. In the same line and with an added touch of dignity, Vida D. Scudder's "Social Ideals in English Letters" challenges our attention. It calls for re-reading of Johnson, Swift, Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, in the light of the present search for social justice. Newton Mann, one of the ripest Unitarian ministers in the West, who has held his scholarly place in Omaha for twenty years, breaks out with the enthusiasm and buoyancy of youth in a volume entitled "An Outlook of Socialism," probably the fairest, most candid, most

deliberate attempt to find the ethical import of this movement available. Active and aggressive as the socialist is in the realm of morality and religion, there is still room for the theologian. There are no indications that the scholars are tired of grappling with the mysteries of soul and the verities of religion. Professor King, of the Iowa State University, has put forth a book which he has entitled "The Development of Religion," being a study in anthropology and social psychology. Professor Ames of our own Chicago University has made a careful study of the "Psychology of Religious Experience," and Professor Bowne, the once suspected, now revered Methodist of Boston, has left us a volume on "The Ends of Religion." Professor Smith of the University of Minnesota, pastor of the People's Church of St. Paul, has studied the Old Testament from the standpoint of sociology, and Stannard Baker's well remembered papers, which first appeared in the *American Magazine*, on "The Spiritual Unrest" as discovered in the churches of New York, has been put into book form. The Catholic church has had its trouble with Modernism. The closing days of 1910 witness the humiliating display of ecclesiastic conservatism and stupidity of conservatism. When all the priests of the Catholic church are summoned before the altar to swear that they have not and will not change their minds, the poor pope is playing the role of Mother Partington, trying to keep back the Atlantic ocean.

But Protestantism has its modernity, and Rev. David C. Torrey of Bedford, Mass., has issued a volume entitled "Protestantism Modernism," which deals with the everlasting fresh, the always new and ever new questions of God, revelation, freedom, and the essential things.

But if the output of 1910 has been meager in the way of original works of fiction, poetry or science, it has been especially rich in biographies. Seldom have my own shelves been so ennobled in one year as by the advent of Spargo's "Life of Carl Marx," Oswald Garrison Villard's "Biography of John Brown, Fifty Years After," the two volume "Life and Letters of Edmund Clarence Stedman," William Dean Howells' "My Mark Twain," Ada Ehrland's "Ruskin and His Circle," Jane Addams' "Twenty Years at Hull House," and the at least five new additions to the Lincoln literature, which include a beautiful address on Lincoln by Isaac Newton Phillips, reporter of the Illinois Supreme Court, the fat volume issued by the Commemorative Committee of Chicago, under the skillful editing of N. W. McChesney of the tributes of a century. This volume contains not only the various deliverances that were given in Chicago, but goes afar and reports orations and addresses throughout the country, Springfield, Bloomington, Peoria, Madison, Cincinnati, even Denver on the one hand and New York on the other are here gathered. George Hayden Putnam has enlarged his memorial addresses into an attractive volume entitled "Abraham Lincoln, the People's Leader in the Struggle for National Existence." Lastly, the most notable contribution to the biographical study of the year is Joseph Newton's "Lincoln and Herndon." A son of a southern soldier brings out through an Iowa press fresh Lincoln material, found at the heart of New England. There is a startling fitness that this centennial year of Theodore Parker should bring to light a mass of Theodore Parker letters, which for four or five years were poured into the humble Springfield law office of Lincoln and Herndon. Herndon's was the active pen, but there is abundant reason to believe that Lincoln shared with his junior partner an enthusiasm for the great Boston preacher and a confidence in his deliverances. "Bring back some more of that Parker stuff," was the parting request of the brooding Lincoln in the 50's, as his partner was going East for a visit.

In closing this hurried glance at some of the books that the year has laid on my table, which will enrich my library shelves, let me speak of the splendid definitive edition in fourteen volumes of the writings of Theodore Parker. For the first time has his message been made attractive to the eye and available to the hand. When most of the things that have engaged our attention during the year just gone will have passed into oblivion, it will be a matter worthy of record and a proud remembrance to the survivors that in 1910 Chicago had a Theodore Parker week, where the great heretic was honored by representatives of orthodox and heterodox, by representatives of the bench, bar and pulpit.

I lay these books on our New Year's table, hoping that it may persuade some of you to take a look at them and make an investment. A professor in our university wrote me the other day, "I cannot see that my students read the books in question or any other books of the kind." Is it true that law students no longer read books except such as their standing demands? Is it true that they, like the laity, have fallen under the spell of the magazine and the daily paper, that they have no time to take up a consecutive work by a conspicuous author? I fear that our circulating clubs, our reading rooms, and our libraries, proud as we justly are of them, may deprive our young men and women of the high pleasure of buying books, of which I know of no higher in the line of acquisitive interest. Speaking for myself, it has been the ever great personal delight of my life, and while I have been able to make no other accumulations, the growth of my library shelves has brought to me an increasing sense of richness. I don't know how a millionaire feels,—but I think I feel something like a millionaire when I look at my books. I hope that there are some in my presence who still persist in the joy and pleasure of accumulating a library. I know not how to organize wholesomely a family and to raise properly children unless they are environed with an ever-increasing beauty of authors, an ever-growing wealth of books.

This has been a dark and humiliating year for Illinois. There have been sad revealments of the low standard of the public intelligence, and what is much worse, of public morals, when it has been impossible to convict by any of the instrumentalities known to law, criminals who have violated the most sacred duties and threatened the most precious safeguards of the community. Is it because public standards in regard to politics are so low that it is impossible to find twelve men who will adequately feel the heinous nature of a political crime? Illinois drains the dregs of her bitter cup of humiliation, when it would seem as though the United States Senate would guard her smirched senatorial toga with the same safeguards with which it would surround the gallows. Can the Senate of the United States not purge itself of re-

proach except by such evidence as would convict the criminal of a crime that the gallows would expiate?

And then, here in Chicago, we have been compelled to witness through three long months a medieval duel. The law-abiding and the instrumentalities of law have kept hands off while the streets have been obstructed by a great quarrel between thirty or more employers of labor on one side and 35,000 or more laborers on the other, all of them on both sides blinded by self-interest, their judgment perverted by their individual standpoint and their private interest. We, over two million people, have stood off and stood aside, letting them fight it out on the streets. In tardy fashion the Common Council took an initiative which it ought to have taken weeks and weeks before, but with a halting hand, and it did not carry its work to a finish. The time has gone by when we should allow individuals to settle their quarrels in the street. The time is coming when the larger entities of capital on the one hand and corporate labor on the other will be expected to settle their ethics on the basis of justice. Some kind of high court of adjustment must be organized, and any party or parties who have or think they have a grievance must have a right to hale the other party to court to have an adjudication, not after, but before a strike. It is a reproach to Chicago,—to the United States. Methods have been used with perfect success in Canada by which the dire industrial war can be put off by successive steps already arranged for, until the final issue is stated, so that the chances are there will be no war. The time has gone by when either party in an industrial fight can say to an intelligent public, "It is none of your business," and then add insult to injury, when they say, "*We* have nothing to arbitrate." The fact that there is struggle, strife, that innocent men, women and children are starving, the fact that the thousands whom we have welcomed to our shores, whose labor we are counting upon, feel grieved and are pushed to the wall for want of that intelligent adjustment which they may be unable for themselves to reach, goes to prove selfish and unwise the medieval methods of "fighting it out," "forming a ring," and giving them room to fight it to a finish.

While the labor strifes in Chicago have been depressing, I will not say they have been discouraging, for all such struggles lift us. The next time there is a labor war, methinks there will be more reasons on both sides, more readiness on both hands, to take counsel from above, from which alone counsel can come, more willingness to be guided by wise friends and not by the bitter passions of partisan spirit, untempered by breadth of vision or American ideas.

But there have been hopeful signs of progress in the United States this last year. It is a very hopeful sign that Washington has granted belated suffrage to women, the one move of many more to follow. The logic of civilization is such that it cannot much longer withhold from that class that is oftentimes the best informed, certainly the most leisurely and most public spirited section of society, the privilege of expressing themselves on the great questions of public import in which they are students.

And then there is a radiance on the horizon which promises to bring cheer and hope and consolation to the complexities of our position to-day. It is a long while now since we in this presence have been talking about the referendum, the initiative and the recall. It is a pleasure to think that the one who has perhaps done most in a national way to push these through long years of industry has been our own George Shibley, who with his efficient bureau in Washington has been quietly but persistently pointing these reforms. The initiative and the recall with the shortened ballot are at last the efficient curb that will check the mad selfishness of the "boss" and rob the unenlightened and unethical partisan of his power.

The last and most interesting suggestion of hope comes from the House of Lords, that fag-end of an aristocracy that is bound to go, revealing its desperate situation and its readiness to accept the inevitable. It is willing to submit things to the people. Perhaps it is too late for them to save the House of Lords, but not too late for England to line itself up with the future.

The great struggle, after all, of the year 1910, as in years past, is aristocracy against democracy, an aristocracy of land, of wealth, of birth, or of the church. Democracy in some form or other is in order and only those forces that deal with the people, with all the people, with the commonest of common people, will eventually make for civic righteousness or individual salvation.

Last Friday I listened to a splendid sermon on civic righteousness from this platform, an address from ex-Governor Folk of Missouri. His arraignment was unanswerable. His plea was direct, manly and convincing. It was a manly effort to arraign the corrupt and corrupting forces that are working in politics to-day. He gave it to an audience of three hundred complacent, well bred, smug women. The complacency was depressing. "We have had a beautiful entertainment! We have heard Governor Folk! What a successful program!" If Governor Folk had been permitted to deliver that message to the 250 husbands of those women, if they had put their intelligence at work and their ingenuity and their resources to discovering some way or another by which the voters of Chicago would make common cause with the man from Missouri, if instead of being a social fad it had been a civic consecration on the part of the earnest citizens in this neighborhood, it would have been a good thing.

A picture on the other side is quite as available and as discouraging and depressing. Chicago has a way of trying to better civic conditions. The men of Chicago often gather around banquet tables at $2.50 per plate or more, and when they have filled themselves to the limit and rendered hazy the air with smoke, they begin to discuss questions of primal importance to the state, and noble things get said, noble men are heard by noble men, but they do not, and never will, reach the source of the common life until in some way or other the barriers which are established by the exclusiveness of the privileged class, the exclusiveness of the "nice people," are destroyed. There is not now any place in Chicago where such an utterance of Governor Folk can be offered to the people that would give the most hearty and efficient welcome. Down town every hall door is fastened with a lock which only a gold key will unlock. And here, even in the Abraham Lincoln Centre, men and women, and my own men and women, are busy in organizing special privileges for their select class, while the people who constitute the rank and file of this community

around here are not reached. I am a sinner with the rest. I confess my own weakness and inability and my disappointment in it.

The struggle of the year 1910 is the struggle of the common people for recognition, and the great seer of the common people of the nineteenth century, whose life was extended into the twentieth century, was Lyof Tolstoy, who, after all allowances for personal equations, for the peculiarities of his age and time, will stand as the great renunciant of his time, because he took life seriously. He believed that the Golden Rule could be made to work. At any rate, he was persuaded beyond a doubt that the iron rule did not work, that the law of selfishness was a failure, and so with supreme consistency he went out of the world trying to escape the inconsistencies that discouraged him. Touched with the sincerity of self-denial, all the more because he was endowed with a genius so sublime, the master genius in literature preferred to be the writer of little parables with New Testament directness for the education and guidance of the peasants of Russia, and, consequently, of the peasants of the world.

All aristocracy has got to go. The aristocracy of wealth is being emphasized in a new way, in the high cost of living, for let it be remembered that it was in 1910 that Secretary Wilson appointed a committee to investigate this high cost of living, and, whatever the conclusions may be, the manifest facts are that by some kind of mastery, new mastery over the laws of trade, fresh control of the forces of nature, an added grip, a personal and private grip upon the unlimited resources of God, it has been made possible for an ever-increasing number of people to invest more and more money in the luxuries of life.

Some day we shall be looking back at this age as the "automobile age." The automobile is a great triumph and a legitimate extension of man's power, but, incidentally, it has greatly enhanced the cost of living, greatly elevated the standard of wealth. I was once unsophisticated enough to believe that if a man had a million dollars he was pretty well off, but I have been recently corrected by those who know. He who has only one million is a poor man, and not much can be expected of him. It seems to me that $10,000 a year is a pretty good income, but a man who considers himself poor told me that $20,000 is the avearge on which a man can run a home on the boulevards or avenues. It takes $20,000 to run the house.

All this reacts bitterly on the people who must fight for the slightest advance in their dav's wages. It will right itself, but not until we realize that there is a wrong to right.

The battle for sobriety, for temperance, goes steadily on, but it is not ended when we have broken the power of alcohol. When we have lessened the dissipations of the saloon, there are other more genteel dissipations, there are other more elegant selfishnesses, there are other more insinuating indulgences that undermine the social fabric from above, which it is well for us to take note of.

And still Wordsworth's dictum obtains, it is plain living that is a condition of high thinking. Marcus Aurelius' words need often to be reiterated, "A man may live nobly in a palace!" but not unless he carries into the palace a human heart that holds for all of his kind that feeling of kinship with the lowest and the poorest.

1910, for all its discouragements, was a year radiant with promise. Even our political disgrace was the "something worse" that brings the "something better."

Surely, I am hopeful, very hopeful, and I invite you to go with me into the still nobler and clearer quest of 1911, with a very good will and with the heartiest of fellowship.

I wish you a happy New Year!

THE STUDY TABLE

The Poetry of Hervey White

Mr. Hervey White is one of the few American poets that have attained to the Utopian and highly satisfactory stage of writing, printing and publishing by personal effort only. He is his own printer and his own publisher. This is Utopian, but by contradistinction only. It is not in keeping with the modern town-made principle of the division of labor, but undoubtedly ideal as a form of procedure through which a distinctive personality may react upon society in a felicitous way,—as occasionally occurs, and exemplifies itself in Mr. White's case.

From the Maverick Press, Woodstock, New York, three little volumes of poetry have been issued this winter, "The Ship of Souls," "New Songs For Old," and "In An Old Man's Garden." "The Maverick Press" is Mr. Hervey White. In their severe plainness of physical appearance these books express a line of beauty and a mode of direct appeal pleasing to consider. Their contents, Hervey White's own poems, open views to an esthetic culture and a quality of expressive power quite out of the common.

For several reasons, Mr. White's work claims the attention of Chicago readers. "Quicksand," by Hervey White, was published in this city in 1900, and still retains its rank as a novel of great power, embodying a terrible warning to family egotism among us. Again, Mr. White was at that time a very active social worker in our city. He served the John Crerar Library as reference librarian for some years and shared in the activities of Hull House and of other social settlements. He successfully introduced a library into the Cook county jail.

Now, after some years of literary retirement, but of live productivity, Hervey White again approaches the public. He will have no difficulty in being heard by admirers of his former work, yet the very remoteness of the place of publication renders this notice necessary.

The poet's social theories form the key to "The Ship of Souls." We are not ourselves merely; each man's soul travels with that of his fellow-beings, with that of his people, his age. Joys are common to them, sorrows are shared in fellowship. Yet, each one retains his responsibility. There is some maturity and experience behind two such lives as these:

> And folk came abroad one well versed in forms,
> And I called them not hypocrites all befooled.

One more quotation:

> Some blessing has come down. I know not where
> It lies, not whence it came, and how.
> I only feel it, now, pervade the air
> With some sweet happiness, some added store.
> The world is richer than it was before.

* * *

There is no change in outward things I see,
But all within is changed. I know not why

—and we are peeping, through "New Songs for Old," into an Arcadia, most peaceful. These songs are mostly lyrical.

I've sung in the highlands,
I've fought on the seas,
I've traversed the deserts
Of Antipodes.

Wherever I've journeyed
By night, or by day,
The blue eyes of Mary
Have watched me alway.

There is a very happy home idyl of things, home-made, full of very sweet peace. It deserves to be widely known and appreciated.

Of the third collection, *In An Old Man's Garden,* we need to quote but one verse, one expressive of felicity.

The trees go marching up the hill,
The brook goes sliding down,
The world is never standing still,
The country moves to town.

The children grow to make the men,
Their songs make sad hearts gay,
And men turn children once again,
So runs the world away.

God give me then a merry heart,
And give me songs to sing!
And let me feel when friends must part
The brush of angel's wing.

And let my simplest actions be
So loving, sweet and mild,
The blind may even come to see
How God was once a child.

There is a felicity about the last two lines of the third verse, and, on the whole, a Stevensonian atmosphere about this little poem;—among its elements of rarest beauty I merely point out the idea, rarely expressed but nevertheless quite true, that the departure of a beloved friend calls forth sublime inspiration!

It is quite likely that critics gifted with an appreciation of things formal, may discover here and there superfluous feet, or pedes, and similes that limp a trifle. I myself might do so in my moments of worldly sagacity. But the poetry of Hervey White will remain. It carries with it the air of the infinite regions, the breath of sympathy; in it we hear the note of the church bell and the rippling song of the skylark. We shall be likely to ask: *Quid novi ex Woodstock?*

J. C. B.

Book Notes

*Islam Lands,** by an old and experienced traveler, deals with the lands of Northern Africa. Mr. Shoemaker believes in all possible comfort when traveling and surrounds himself with its luxuries; hardship is not in his vocabulary. In Nubia and the Sudan he saw the usual sights, but he describes them vivaciously, indulges in sentiment over Gordon, slashes Slatin Bey, compares Christianity with a decaying (so he sees it) Islam, and finds much to amuse, little to harrow. In Tunis and Algeria, he whirls by automobile over fine roads. His most interesting experience in this flight is his visit to Timgad,—probably the finest Roman ruins in existence.

*Talmudic Sayings,*** some five hundred in number, are gathered together by Rabbi Cohen of Galveston, Texas, in a neat little volume. The Talmud is so little known to English-speaking readers that such a collection, orderly arranged, has a real interest. The sayings are grouped under eighty-four topic headings in alphabetical order so that any one may be easily found. Such a book is quickly described. A few examples will give the flavor. Under *Hospitality* are such as,—*If thou intend to entertain twenty persons, always prepare for twenty-five,* and *During eating hours open thy doors, that the needy may enter and partake.* Under *Patriotism,* we find, *If there be no law there can be no civilization.* Under *Repentance* is *When a man has turned away from sin, reproach him no more.* The period of the Talmud covers eight hundred years, from the fourth century, B. C., to the fifth century of our era. These sayings thus represent an interesting portion of Jewish history. They are to be compared on the one hand with the earlier Proverbs of Solomon, and on the other with the pithy and homely maxims of the European Jews of the Middle Ages.

FREDERICK STARR.

Islam Lands. Nubia, The Sudan, Tunisia and Algeria. Michael Myers Shoemaker, New York and London, 1910. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 16mo., pp. xii, 251.

**Talmudic Sayings.* Rabbi Henry Cohen, New York, 1910. Bloch Publishing Co., second edition small 16mo., pp. viii, 72. Price, 50 cents.

Books Received

Central America and Its Problems. By Frederick Palmer. 345 pages, $2.50 net.

America and the Far Eastern Question. By Thomas F. Millard. 576 pages, $4.00 net.

THE EVENING POST PRINTING OFFICE

Hearts Atour. By Edith Chetwood and Edward P. Thompson. 331 pages.

M. M. DONOHUE & COMPANY

The Religion of the Spiritual Evolution of Man. By E. A. Rogers. 105 pages.

DANIEL H. TALBERT

The Pleasures of Sin. By Daniel H. Talbert. 128 pages.

GEORGE H. ELLIS COMPANY

World Corporation. By King Camp Gillette. 240 pages.

The Cry of Children in England

The late Doctor Barnardo, in his report at the end of the year, said:

"At the request of the Earl of Shaftesbury, I carefully investigated my lists of rescued children, and tabulated in various columns the various traceable causes, near or remote, which led to their becoming candidates for the homes, and the astonishing fact emerged that no less than 85 per cent of the children who were admitted to the homes under my care owed their social ruin to the drinking habits of their parents or grandparents or other relatives. I would not now hesitate to affirm that of all my young clients the percentage who are stricken down in life through the agency of the drink curse is nearer the very large figures given by the late Doctor Guthrie (i. e., 90 per cent) than the estimate formed in 1871."

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THE WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION

Complete Organization of the Work for Peace Education Founded by Edwin Ginn

The important educational work in promotion of the peace and better organization of the world begun several years ago by Edwin Ginn, of Boston, under the name of the International School of Peace, and maintained at an expense of many thousand dollars a year, has now been definitely endowed by him, the work being largely expanded; and its complete organization was perfected at meetings in Boston last month. The institution was incorporated last summer. Mr. Ginn has now made legal provision of the payment to the trustees of $50,000 annually and by his will for the permanent continuance of an equal or greater income. The name of the institution has been changed from the International School of Peace to the World Peace Foundation. The organization comprises a board of trustees and a board of directors, the relation of the directors or active workers to the trustees being essentially the same as that of the faculty to the trustees of a college.

Mr. Ginn himself, the founder of the work, was unanimously elected president of the board of trustees, the other trustees being President Lowell, of Harvard University; President Faunce, of Brown University; President Joseph Swain, of Swarthmore College; Professor Samuel T. Dutton, of Columbia University; Miss Sarah Arnold, dean of Simmons College; George W. Anderson, the well-known Boston lawyer; George A. Plimpton, of New York, member of the firm of Ginn and Company; Rev. Edward Cummings, and Hon. Samuel W. McCall. Richar H. Dana was elected treasurer of the corporation.

President David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, was elected by the trustees to the position of chief director; he will give more and more personal attention to the work, directing especially work in the colleges and universities. Edwin D. Mead, who has had the general direction of the work during its early period, will be the secretary of the board of directors, taking charge especially of the literary department of the Foundation, while also continuing his platform work. James A. Macdonald, the editor of the Toronto *Globe*, whose journalistic influence both in Great Britain and America is very large, will direct work through the press. Hamilton Holt, of the *Independent*, will render service not only through the press, but as a lecturer. Professor James Brown Scott, so long connected with the State Department and a member of the American delegation at the last Hague Conference, will counsel and assist the board in all fields related to international law. Rev. Charles R. Brown, for many years a leader in the pulpit of the Pacific Coast, will coöperate in the development of the work in churches; and John R. Mott, the head of the widespread activities of the World Student Christian Federation, who is at the present time particularly devoted to the promotion of fraternity with China in this critical hour of her awakening, will work for the close affiliation with the Foundation of many influential societies of young men. An able body of lecturers will be organized for lectures in colleges, in addition to such work by regular members of the board of directors; and work in the public schools will be done through coöperation with the admirably organized American School Peace League. Other existing agencies will be utilized by the Foundation where they effectively serve its purposes. The headquarters of the Foundation are at 29A Beacon Street, Boston.

January 2, 1911.

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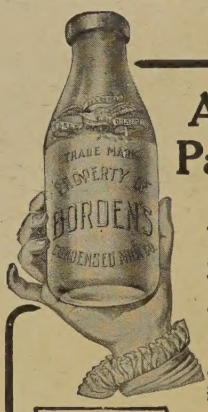

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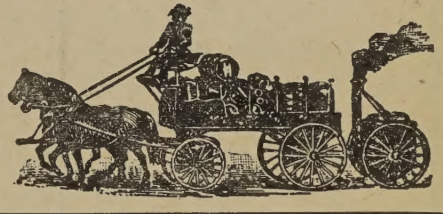

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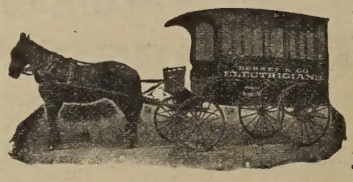

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